

Came to Leave with Somebody by Luddleston

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Summary:

Lance has been begging his sister to take him to a college party for the entirety of his senior year of high school, and when she finally lets him tag along, he's determined to find somebody to hook up with, because he's *not* starting college a virgin.

He ends up with Keith, a junior who wears fingerless gloves (weird), has a ponytail (weird), and seems super into Lance (even weirder.)

Came to Leave with Somebody

Author's Note:

Listen, if Keith is gonna show up 2 years older and all sexy and shit, I'm gonna write some age difference stuff, I guess?

He's only three years older than Lance in this but since Lance is in high school I guess it's more of a maturity difference--in any case, they talk about it a lot before they do anything.

uhhhh title is from a song I hate that keeps playing at work but I thought it worked? I'm good at titles.

Lance's entire being hummed with excitement as bounced up and down in the passenger seat of Veronica's car, ignoring her laughter. She drove them past university buildings and towering residence halls until they wound out of campus, headed to the address she had scrawled on a post-it note stuck to her dashboard.

"C'mon, you can't judge me! It's my first college party, Ronnie, I feel like I'm finally *cool*." He leaned back in his seat, but the way his fingers drummed a little faster than the tempo of the music crackling out of the stereo belied his anxious energy.

"Yeah, yeah. You might feel cooler if you stop acting like an eight-year-old who's at Disneyland for the first time," she said, slowing down to peer at address numbers on mailboxes. The neighborhood was full of smaller houses that varied in their states of cleanliness, a little worn-down from years of college students renting them out but functional all the same. Veronica's friend had invited her to a huge house party to celebrate the end of finals week. Lance had begged her to bring him along until she agreed, but only if he had no more than one drink and never told their mom she took him.

Lance took her up on the deal without hesitation. He wasn't even really there to get drunk. He was there to find people who didn't go to his high

school and who might want to kiss him and stuff. The "and stuff" was the majority of his focus, because Lance went to a tiny school in the middle of the country and his classmates weren't exactly high up on the list of potential romantic partners. Sure, there were some cute girls, but after Allison Beckett broke up with him because she thought he was gay (bi, but whatever, Allison) none of the girls had been interested.

He was, however, always the cool gay friend and he was pretty alright with that when he wasn't getting side-eyed by the football bros who drove to school on tractors when they had home games. Lance sure as hell wasn't letting some curious dude who maybe wanted to experiment give him a disappointing first time and then walk into the locker room Monday morning and tell the whole school. Lance didn't have a fantastic reputation, but at least he wasn't gonna be known as the guy who let some football player fuck him as a one-time experiment before said bro went back to letting cheerleaders blow him in the locker room.

"That's it!" Lance shouted, and Veronica came to an abrupt stop, bouncing both of them in their seats. "Right?"

"Yeah, that's... okay, I'm gonna have to park down a little further."

The driveway was packed three deep with cars, and the street outside the house was a menagerie of parking violations. Veronica found a spot down around the corner and they hopped out of the car, the lights flickering once as she locked it.

"Remember," she said as they approached the party, Lance pausing to re-roll the cuffs of his jeans, "one drink. Something in a bottle, please, if I get you roofied because you just pick up a random Solo cup, Mom'll literally kill me."

"Fine, yes, you've only told me three times already," Lance said. "Two questions: are you *sure* this shirt was a good choice? And, if I go home with somebody, will you completely murder me?"

Veronica looked him over, probably more to judge him than to appraise his tropical-print tank top. "The shirt's fine, dude. And no, I won't, I mean, as

long as it's not someone skeezy. But you better find your own way back to my place, I'm not picking you up from some rando's house at four in the morning."

"Ugh, you're the worst."

"I find it's educational to experience a walk of shame once in your life," she said. "Now come on, Ani's waiting for me and we're already late."

"Fine. I'll run potential hookups past you for a skeeziness rating," he promised, picking up the pace to follow her to the house.

It was almost painfully obvious that this was a college student's place. There was a collection of mismatched lawn chairs in the front yard that looked like they'd been picked up either from terrible garage sales or people's curbs, all full of students who were drinking beer or stuff out of bottles hidden inside of brown paper bags. Occasionally, somebody's face was lit up as they flicked a lighter, but other than that, it was almost completely dark, and Lance had to take care not to trip on anyone's empties as he made his way up the front walk.

The house was so crowded inside, Lance found it impossible to stand in a place where you weren't touching at least two other people at a time. After some searching, Veronica found her friends, and while she hugged all of them, Lance surveyed the crowd.

Everyone looked so much older and cooler than him, shit. They all seemed to be some degree of edgy, whether it was a cool haircut or a half-dozen piercings or a T-shirt printed with the logo of a band Lance didn't know. Half the dudes had eyeliner on and all the girls had way more eyeliner on, and Lance worried for the first time that maybe he was out of his depth.

Something cold hit him in the shoulder and he yelped, earning him an eye-roll from Veronica as she prodded him with the bottle again. "You want a drink?" she asked. "You'll probably like this."

He examined the label, and he couldn't exactly see it in the dim lighting, but he thought it was some kind of hard lemonade. Veronica used the bottle

opener on her key ring to open it for him, and yeah, it wasn't too bad. Wouldn't get him drunk, but he wouldn't be the lame dude with a can of Diet Coke at a party. "It's pretty good," he said, and Veronica patted him on the shoulder.

"You're fine! Go, talk to people, make questionable decisions. We're going out back." That translated to "we're gonna go smoke," so Lance didn't follow, just stayed in the living room with his shoulders pressed to the wall, telling himself he was people-watching, not working himself into a panic.

Lance wasn't usually like this. He was the center of the party at every school dance, but here he'd been turned into a literal wallflower, wondering how long he had to make it for this thing to be worthy of bragging to Hunk about and not just a sad story about how Lance went to a party for thirty minutes and then had to ask his big sister to take him home.

Lance didn't realize the two people that were walking over were making their way toward *him*, *not until he had one of them on either side, a girl and a guy wearing matching mischievous grins. The guy smelled like weed and had a beanie pulled low on his head, which was ridiculous, it was almost summer. The girl was blonde and wearing a cute crop-top, and just smelled like too much perfume, so Lance immediately decided who he preferred.*

"You looked lonely," she said, "standing over here drinking all by yourself."

"Yeah, your friends ditch you?" the guy asked, glancing toward the door Veronica and her friends had disappeared out of.

"Oh, uh. No, that was my sister and her friends. I'm kind of just... tagging along." God, way to sound super lame, Lance.

"Aww, your big sister brought you to a party? That's cute," the girl said, and Lance didn't know how she knew Veronica was his older sister, but it ruffled him anyways.

"It's not like that, I just—"

"Rolo, Nyma. Quit harassing him," someone said, and Lance breathed a sigh of relief, looking up, about to thank his rescuer, who was...

Really hot.

Like, really hot.

Either Lance was somehow drunk off a single hard lemonade, or this guy actually made a ponytail work, and the whole conversation turned to static as he shouldered the other dude, Rolo, out of the way and put an arm around Lance, steering him off to the side and into the dining room, which was functioning more as a lounge, because the dining table was nowhere to be seen and all the living-room couches were lining the walls instead. The two of them stood just inside the doorframe, Lance's back pressed to the wall again.

"Sorry about them," he said, taking his arm back from around Lance, which was too bad, because he was all muscular and stuff, and Lance really wanted to be pressed up against him some more.

"Whuh—oh. Your friends were fine, dude, they were just giving me a hard time, it's whatever," Lance said.

"Not really my friends," he said.

"Then where are your friends?" Lance asked, wondering if there was someone else who had shown up to this thing basically alone, but the guy was looking around, showing off every angle of his beautiful jawline.

"Dunno," he said. "I just came with my roommate and his boyfriend. Maybe they left."

This was gonna be the part where he said, well, great talking to you, random partygoer, but I'm gonna leave and find my friends who are much cooler than you, and Lance had to do something. Had to say something. He'd come to this party to get laid, okay, and this guy was exactly the kind of person he wanted doing the laying.

"Hey, you wanna dance?"

One perfect eyebrow arched. "I don't even know your name," he said.

"Oh, yeah. Well, I'm sure there's some way you can introduce yourself," Lance joked. He finished the last of his drink and added his empty bottle to a little pile of bottles and Solo cups on the floor next to the couch.

He thought maybe the dude had been staring at his ass as he bent over, but maybe that was just his imagination.

"Oh, uh, right. Sorry. I'm Keith," he said, extending a hand, which. Why the actual hell was he wearing fingerless gloves in May?

Keith was hot enough to ignore his weird sense of fashion, though, so Lance shook his hand and leaned in a little as he introduced himself. "I'm Lance. Now will you dance with me?"

It didn't take much more to get Keith to agree.

Lance didn't recognize the song they had blasting out of the speakers in the living room, and he wasn't sure anyone could've at that volume. But there was a beat, and he could work with that. Keith wasn't a half-bad dancer, but he was awkward about it for a second, like he couldn't figure out what he was supposed to be doing when Lance put his arms over his shoulders.

Lance could mark the exact moment Keith mentally said fuck it, because it was the moment he put his hands on Lance's hips instead of hovering somewhere around his waist and pulled him in close, close enough that when Lance ground down on the next beat, he was actually pressed against Keith, instead of just rolling his hips.

Keith pretty much followed Lance's lead, sticking to the same rhythm. It was fun, but Lance decided it would be more fun if he dropped it low, so he did, enjoying the look of surprise on Keith's face as he body-rolled his way back up, rotating to put his back to Keith's front, leaning against his chest.

"Yeah?" he said, but Keith sure as hell wouldn't hear it over the music.

He was pretty sure Keith was fine with it, though, because he put his hands on Lance's hips again and moved with him as Lance ground his ass back against Keith.

They danced through the next three songs, and by now, Lance knew they looked like a pair of people planning on going home with each other. Like a couple, maybe. He also knew that Keith was definitely getting something out of this, too, because he could feel Keith's breath hot against his neck and Keith's dick hard against his ass, and wow, that was new. It was always kinda hard to tell if girls were as into it as he was without them being like, completely naked, but now he had a definite sign reading, "Lance, I think you're pretty hot," and if it felt a lot like somebody else's boner and sure, it had Lance driven halfway out of his mind because he couldn't stop thinking about the possibilities, but, well. He was cool with it.

Lance turned to face him, leaning into him, palms on his chest, which had been a pretty good place to put them, Keith's pecs considered. Guy must've spent a lot of time at the rec center.

"Can I kiss you?" he asked.

Keith just tilted his head to the side, confusion written across his face, because Lance hadn't been loud enough to hear over the music.

"Can I kiss you!" he repeated, almost yelling, and of course, the song ended with perfect timing that everyone in the vicinity turned to look at him. He'd kind of just shouted that into near-silence, so he understood the stares, but they still made him shrink back, the hot, sickly feeling of embarrassment worming its way through his stomach. Oh god, what if he was in classes with these people when he started school in the fall and they remembered him as that weird guy yelling about kissing people and—

"Yes."

Yes?

Oh. Yes. This was very much a yes.

Keith pulled him in as the next song started, one hand on the back of his head, the palm of his glove scratching at the nape of Lance's neck. His mouth was hot and precise, insistent against Lance's, and Lance heard somebody wolf-whistle at the two of them, and Keith took Lance's moment of startled hesitation to do this thing with his tongue, and okay, it was kinda. In there, now.

Lance could do this. He'd made out with people plenty of times, but usually, whoever he was making out with wasn't quite this, uh, aggressive? Insistent? Competent? In any case, Keith knew what he was doing, and he was still pressed up against Lance, and he was still hard, so Lance must've been doing okay, too.

It felt impulsive, reckless, like Lance was slotting right into every teenage stereotype he'd wanted to embody tonight. It was fast-moving, Keith pausing only to ask, "do you wanna go back to my apartment?" before kissing Lance again while he awaited his answer, which wasn't immediate, because Keith's mouth was sort of in the way of him saying anything.

"Yeah," he said, finally, lips still touching Keith's. If he had even a little bit of self-control, maybe he would've given more consideration to his answer, but all he could think about was how much he wanted Keith. And it was a crazy amount. Couldn't have been normal. Or maybe it was, because of raging teenage hormones and whatnot.

Keith was pulling him backward through the crowd, still half-kissing him, and it was slow-moving because there were people pressing against them on all sides. It would've stressed Lance out, but he was distracted by Keith's hands on him, on his hip and lower back, the way Keith's hair stuck to the back of his neck when Lance accidentally pulled some strands free of his ponytail.

They stumbled out the front door, music and humid air spilling out with them, and it swung shut on its hinges behind them as Keith let Lance press him against the wall on the front porch and kiss him, his hands in Keith's back pockets, Keith's gloves sneaking up under his shirt.

Lance didn't hear somebody loudly clear their throat behind them, because he was too busy sucking on Keith's lower lip and trying to figure out where all he could get Keith to put his hands.

"Hey, dumbass."

That, he did hear.

"Oh! Veronica!"

Keith pushed his bangs out of his face as he regarded Lance's sister with some confusion, kind of like, hey, who are you and why are you interrupting this? He opened his mouth like he was gonna say as much, but then Veronica jabbed Lance in the shoulder.

"You going somewhere?"

"...I was totally going to find you," Lance lied, hands slipping out of Keith's pockets because maybe that wasn't the best place for them when he was talking to his sister and all.

"Really? Is that what that was?" She crossed her arms and leaned against the porch railing, like she was trying to stay as far away from them as possible while still blocking the exit.

"Oh my god. I thought you said you didn't care if I went home with someone!"

"Yeah, but I also said that thing about you running potential—"

"Yes, yes, I remember, fine. Keith, Veronica, Veronica, Keith."

"Okay?" Keith said, still looking between the two of them like there was a part of this conversation he didn't compute. "And who's... Veronica?"

"Dude. She's my older sister."

Keith had a look on his face like the entire universe suddenly started to make sense.

"Yep. And alright, if he still wants to make out with you while you're calling him 'dude,' you guys go do whatever." She paused, thinking. "I feel like I should tell you to make good choices, but I don't know if I really... well, do as I say, not as I do. Or, do as I do, but be smarter about it. Yeah?"

"Uh. Sure, I guess." Lance took Keith's hand and walked past her slowly, sort of afraid she'd jump in his way and start spouting more aphorisms. "We're just gonna... go. G'night!"

Keith looked over his shoulder as they walked down the driveway, weaving in between the badly parked cars. "Was she...?"

"Really, really drunk? Yeah, probably," Lance said. "So, uh. Your place?"

"Yeah. I'll drive."

"You're good to?"

"Didn't drink anything, so, yeah."

That was good, because Lance didn't have the car keys. That was also great, because Keith drove a slick black motorcycle with red detailing, and he looked kind of amazing straddling it, sitting in the pool of light from a streetlamp and telling Lance to get on. He'd never been on a motorcycle before, but it'd just be one in a series of firsts tonight.

Keith's apartment was... well, mostly dark. He didn't bother flicking the lights on in the living room, pulling Lance straight through it and into the bedroom, where he finally did turn a lamp on, turning to Lance with an almost hesitant look on his face, like he didn't know where to go next.

Lance didn't know, either. "So, uh, you have a roommate, right?" he asked, because there were two beds, each pushed to opposite sides of the room.

"What? Oh, yeah. He's not home tonight," Keith said.

"Cool." Lance took a step closer to him, settling his hands on Keith's waist. "So which bed is yours?"

Keith laughed awkwardly and pointed toward the unmade one with black sheets, a couple of pillows sitting in the middle. "That one. I, uh. Wasn't expecting company tonight."

"Dude, I don't give a shit. My room's always a mess." Lance walked backward to sit on Keith's bed, hands tugging at the hem of Keith's T-shirt to pull him along. He noticed the mortarboard and tassel hanging off a hook on the back of the door, and wondered if Keith had just graduated. "Are you a senior?"

"No, no, I'm a junior," Keith said, "my roommate, Shiro, he graduated this year."

"Oh. That's cool." Lance was suddenly at a loss for small talk ideas.

Keith sat next to Lance, close enough that their thighs touched, his fingers playing with a hole in Lance's jeans. "So, what year are you?"

"I'm... I'm not in college," he said, a flush creeping up the back of his neck, because of course Keith had thought he was a college student, and now he was gonna figure out Lance was just a dumb high schooler and Lance was gonna have to hope Veronica's dorm was within walking distance from Keith's place.

"Did you just decide not to?"

"No, no, I'm. I'm in high school," he admitted, and Keith's hand froze on his thigh.

"Wait." Keith shifted away from him, until there were a couple inches between them, and yep, Lance had fucked this up so bad, and he was what, twenty minutes in? Of course. "You're not one of those sixteen-year-olds who looks way older or something, are you?"

"What? No! I'm a senior, I'm eighteen!" Lance shoved at his shoulder. "Sixteen, oh my god. I'm graduating in like a month. I turn nineteen in July!"

Keith relaxed, scraping a hand through his hair to push his bangs out of his face as he met Lance's eyes with an exasperated sigh. "Still. High school. What are you doing, Lance," he said.

"I mean, I thought I was doing you, but..." Lance flopped back onto Keith's bed, legs still dangling over the side, head in one of his pillows. It smelled nice, like maybe Keith slept on it after washing his hair. "Listen, I live on a farm in a super tiny town, and I'm the only openly not-straight person in my entire high school, so. I kind of thought I might find someone I liked more at a college party, and I asked my sister to take me."

Keith laid down next to him, on his side, facing Lance. "So... are you just... did you just wanna hook up with somebody tonight? Like, anybody? Didn't matter who?"

"Of course it mattered who," Lance said, snorting a laugh. "That's exactly why I came to this, to find somebody I actually like. I mean, yeah, I wanted a hookup, but not with anybody."

"So you actually like me, then," Keith said, grinning at him in the lamplight.

Lance blushed and spluttered and turned away from Keith so he wouldn't see him blushing and spluttering. "I mean. I guess. I do. I like you. You're hot and a good kisser and you're nice and I don't think your gloves are that stupid."

"Hey!"

Lance rolled back over to face Keith as he playfully smacked him on the arm with one of his gloved hands. "That... kinda wasn't the only reason I wanted to hook up with somebody tonight, though?"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Lance bit his lower lip, because he didn't have to tell Keith this, not really. He could fake his way through as somewhat, but not entirely inexperienced, but the open curiosity in Keith's eyes sort of made him want

to be honest. "I wanna, you know, actually do it with somebody before I start college."

Keith's eyebrows raised until they were hidden behind his bangs. "You're a virgin?"

"I mean, I've done stuff," Lance said, his blush returning with a vengeance, "like, with girls. I'm bi, so. Anyway. I've done stuff. Just never... I mean, you need me to give you a number of bases, or something?"

"No, no," Keith said, shaking his head. "I just don't know what... I mean, it's not like I've ever," his voice got quieter and quieter, nearly a whisper, "been anybody's first."

"Well. As long as somebody's been your first, I think we'll be good. Or...?"

"Yes, Lance, I've had sex," Keith said, sitting back up. He looked out the window across the room for a beat. "I'm kind of... hmm. Nervous? Maybe? You're just so..."

"If you say 'young,' I'll punch you in the dick," Lance said. "I mean, how old were you when you. Y'know."

"Sixteen," Keith said.

"Sixteen! You've got no room to—"

"But it was with another sixteen-year-old."

"Jesus Christ, you're not that much older than me," Lance said, muffled, because he buried his face in Keith's pillow again. He hoped that if Keith wasn't gonna do anything else with him, he'd at least let him spend the night, because Lance could probably ply Veronica into picking him up tomorrow morning, if it was late enough for her to have slept off her hangover.

"Hmm. I guess not," Keith said. He ran a tentative hand over Lance's hair. "I just don't want you to regret it."

Lance watched him as Keith stroked his hair again, looking impossibly gentle. "I won't regret it."

Keith bent down and kissed him, softer than he had at the party, letting Lance be the one to open his mouth and deepen it. It got messy fast, both of them more intense now that they were alone, and Lance clung to Keith's shoulders, pulling him close until Keith settled his body on top of Lance's, warm against the whole of him, hot between his legs.

Maybe that last bit was just Lance.

"I want," Lance said, between kisses, because he couldn't bring himself to stop kissing Keith for more than two words, "you—" another kiss, "—to fuck me."

Keith dragged his head back, breathing hard against Lance's mouth. "Shit, Lance, that's like... you probably shouldn't jump in feet-first like that."

"I'm not," Lance said, defiant, shoving his hips up against Keith's, less elegant than he'd been when they were dancing, need making him clumsy. "I've like. Done it to myself. With my fingers."

"God, okay. Was it, uh. Did it feel good?" Keith asked, rocking against him like he couldn't help it, and Lance reveled in the idea that he was making Keith imagine him masturbating.

"Kinda, I guess. I liked doing that and jerking off at the same time, but I never managed to make it feel amazing, or anything. Think I wasn't doing something right."

"You wanna show me what you were doing?" Keith asked, propping himself up a little, like he was giving Lance some space.

"Uh. Sure? Lemme tell you, though, it's gonna be even worse than an amateur porno, I'm not that sexy," Lance said, laughing his way through his insecurities because holy shit, did Keith actually wanna watch him jerk off? There was no way. That was something you asked, well, guys who looked like Keith, not guys who looked like Lance.

"You'll be great." Keith got off the bed and stood, heading toward the bedroom door, and Lance sat up.

"Where are you going?"

"Bathroom. I need to get stuff," Keith said, and Lance stared after him for a few seconds, puzzled, until he gave up on figuring it out and stripped out of his shirt. Keith came back in after a moment with a bottle that looked kind of like fancy lotion, but Lance knew it wasn't. He also had a box, and he was frowning at the back of it, before smoothing his expression over and approaching the bed again.

"Don't act like I didn't just catch you checking the expiration date on those condoms," Lance said, because it was the snarkiest thing he could come up with while still wondering how the fuck Keith had the kind of confidence to just leave his condoms sitting in the bathroom cabinet.

Maybe it was because Keith didn't have nosy-ass siblings who shared his bathroom and liked to poke around in his bedroom, and who forced him to get creative and hide his condoms inside an empty box of green tea because nobody liked green tea, and yeah, okay. It was probably because Keith didn't have to worry about that.

"Yeah, well, I don't hook up with guys from random parties every Friday night," Keith said, and Lance didn't miss the way Keith was staring at his chest.

"You could if you wanted," Lance said, and then, because Keith seemed confused, "you're hot."

Keith just snorted like he was trying not to laugh outright.

"Also, if they are expired, I have one in my wallet."

"They're not," Keith said, "and that's not a good place to keep them." He sat on the bed next to Lance, cross-legged, and Lance propped himself up on his elbows. He didn't notice he was steadily leaning in toward Keith until his thigh bumped up against Keith's knee.

Lance hesitated, eyes fixed on the bottle of lube in Keith's hand. It looked the same as the one Lance had picked up at the CVS in the next town over, because if he went to the Walgreens down the street, he had the chance of running into one of his mom's friends because she was the manager, and that just seemed bad all around. He really didn't need Debbie from the Walgreens telling his mom her son was in buying condoms and lube and a few other, non-suspicious items to distract from the condoms and lube, and god, he was shriveling up with embarrassment just thinking about it.

"What, uh, what are we doing?" he asked, once he found his voice.

"Whatever you wanna do," Keith said.

Lance shifted, because he was getting antsy sitting in the same spot for so long. "We can... I mean, do you really wanna watch me. Um. Do that?"

"It'll be easier if you get yourself ready," Keith said, "I won't watch if you don't want me to."

"Well, what the hell would you do instead? Stare at the wall?"

"Uh, no, I'd kiss you."

"Oh. You would—yeah, that sounds good."

Keith adjusted them so that they were laying lengthwise on the bed, Keith's chest to his back, and he immediately tucked his face into Lance's neck, kissing him there so that Lance could see while he opened the bottle of lube and poured some onto his outstretched fingers. He was glad Keith wasn't watching, because his hands shook a little.

Okay. He had done this part before. He was fine. This was completely normal, except Keith was helping him out of his jeans, because he'd forgotten to take those off first like an idiot, and Keith was pressed against his back, mouth on his neck, hand on his chest. Lance spread his legs, trying not to drive himself crazy thinking about Keith as he rubbed his fingers in little circles, working himself up to it slow, because he knew he'd

make some ridiculous noise if he just shoved a finger in, and he didn't want Keith to hear that.

He made a ridiculous noise anyway, but it was drowned out by Keith's lips smacking against his shoulder, because his mouth was wet and so was Lance's skin. Mostly because of Keith's mouth. Lance's back arched as he worked his first two fingers in and Keith moved with him, one hand sliding up Lance's chest, mouth moving to the space just below his ear.

"You good?" Keith asked, probably because of Lance's airy, uneven breaths, and the way he couldn't stop shaking a little.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay," he said.

"Does it feel good?"

"It feels..." Overwhelming, mostly. Keith's mouth on him was good, but fingering himself wasn't doing much for Lance, because all he wanted was Keith. "It's a lot," he said. Keith's thumb brushed one of his nipples and he moaned louder, and Keith did it again. Anything that wasn't Keith touching him turned to background noise, and Lance didn't notice he'd stopped moving his hand until Keith touched his arm and dragged Lance's attention back.

"Would it be better if I stopped touching you?"

"No. I think, I think it'd be better if you touched me more. If you were... you know, with your fingers," Lance said, and Keith shifted, sitting up, hands working—he was taking off his gloves. Why was he—oh, right, because he was gonna put his fingers in Lance. Right.

Keith snatched up the lube and slicked his fingers, taking a seat between Lance's spread knees, one palm on his thigh, the fingers of his opposite hand nudging up against Lance's knuckles where he still had two fingers inside him. "Will you let me?" he asked, and Lance nodded, obediently pulling out so that Keith could get his fingers in there. Lance didn't expect it to be that different, but holy shit, it was like the difference between touching his own lips and kissing somebody. Still didn't feel as good as it would've if

Keith was jerking him off, but Lance was also pretty sure that he'd come immediately if Keith touched his dick.

Keith watched Lance's face as he touched him, brows furrowed in concentration but eyes dark with arousal. He had his bottom lip caught between his teeth, and didn't seem to notice until he opened his mouth again. "Good?"

"It's... something," Lance said, trying to keep his hips still but failing and accidentally pushing him further onto Keith's fingers. It was unexpected and a little weird, because Keith could get his fingers further in than Lance could get his. Angles, or something. "Wait. That was better," Lance said, and Keith repeated the action, dragging a whine out of Lance.

"Tell me when it starts feeling really good," Keith said, and he curled his fingers up as he pulled them out, moving faster than before.

Lance didn't tell him in so many words, because when Keith curled his fingers up, it had Lance's nerves lighting and he let out a strangled yell, toes curling, hands plastering themselves over his mouth to keep him from waking up the entire apartment building. Keith kissed the inside of Lance's thigh, just above his knee, or rather, he pressed his smile there.

"Better?" Keith asked, and it took Lance a moment to comprehend what he was saying, because he was busy remembering that one website he'd been fooling around on that told him more information about his prostate than he ever thought he'd need to know—he'd closed the tab when he scrolled down to the diagrams, because diagrams, god, it was too much, but Lance was starting to think maybe he should've spent more time researching.

Keith certainly had.

"You fuckin' know it's better, you smug asshole," Lance grumbled, and it only made Keith laugh, smothering his giggles against Lance's skin.

"Well, I've done this before," Keith said, and it wasn't so much a dig at Lance's inexperience as it was a logical statement. Lance didn't care what it was, really, though, because he was busy trying to squirm into a position

where he could shove himself back onto Keith's fingers. "Hold still," Keith mumbled, mouth still against the inside of Lance's knee, his free hand moving to grip Lance's hip and keep him still, "I'm gonna put another one in."

"God, yeah, do that," Lance said, throwing both his arms over his face so all he could see was pinpricks of light filtering through the gaps between them.

As Keith pushed a third finger in, he leaned in closer until he could kiss Lance's stomach, lips fluttering over the places Lance's muscles were tensing as Keith stretched him wider, started moving his fingers inside him with a rhythm, fucking him.

Lance had the fleeting thought oh, I guess we're having sex now, and then the more substantial, almost world-shattering thought, oh, we're having sex now. He breathed harder, buried his face deeper into his arms, and tried not to think too hard about his feelings.

Keith was sitting up, nudging his free hand against Lance's elbow, his fingers slowing inside him. "You okay?" he asked, probably because Lance still had his head shoved behind his arms and his eyes squeezed shut.

"I'm—" Lance said, taking a minute to determine his own state of okayness. Keith's fingers curled in him absently and it felt like his stomach was full of fireworks, so the results came up positive. "I'm very good right now."

"Oh, so it's like that," Keith said, fucking him again, slower, and Lance made a noise he quickly found himself embarrassed for. Keith's hand curled around Lance's arm and pushed up a little, nudging Lance's hands away from his face. He still had his eyes shut, but when Keith leaned in to kiss his jaw, he opened them, just in time to see Keith leaning away and smirking at him, his smile crooked and perfect.

And that was probably why the words, "it'd be better if your dick was in me," came out of his mouth.

"Yeah?" Keith asked, his eyebrows repeating the question.

"Yeah," Lance said, sounding less sure than he'd been. "Besides," he continued, gathering up his falling bravado, "you've still got your clothes on, and that doesn't feel very fair."

"Not fair, huh?"

"Not even a little bit."

"Okay," Keith said, "I'm gonna take my fingers out so I can. Yeah."

Lance didn't understand why Keith said that like an apology until he realized it was actually a warning, and he squirmed with the alien feeling of being suddenly empty. As Keith wiped his hand off on the sheets, Lance bit his lip to keep himself from begging Keith to fill him up again.

Besides, it was plenty nice to watch Keith reach behind his head and strip his T-shirt off, revealing the pecs Lance had wanted to bury his face in all night and a set of defined abs he only saw for a second before Keith bent over to undo his jeans. Lance didn't stop staring, because Keith's biceps worked as he yanked off his pants, and then Keith was kneeling on the bed in his boxers and Lance felt a whole hell of a lot more confident when he could see exactly how hard Keith was beneath them.

"God, you're so hot," Lance said, with zero go-ahead from his brain, and then he stammered, starting a half-dozen sentences and finally finishing, "you're still wearing clothes, though."

"You wanna help me with that?" Keith asked, putting one thumb in the waistband of his boxers.

Lance sat up, grinned at him with all the cockiness he could muster, and curled his fingertips in Keith's waistband, not bothering to go slow and teasing with it, because he wanted Keith naked now.

He couldn't exactly compare Keith's dick to much, considering the only other one he'd seen in the flesh was his own, but he was hard as hell and that was what mattered, anyway. "You gonna put that in me or should I knock you over and ride you, or something?" Lance asked, surprised at how

deep his voice sounded. It probably wasn't as sexy as he thought it was, or... or maybe it was, because his flush was spreading down Keith's chest.

"You can ride me," he said, his voice the tiniest rasp, "it, um, it'll be easier for you if you do that your first time. I think. I didn't, but..." Keith licked his upper lip like it was a nervous habit. Maybe that was why they were so chapped.

"Oh my god, yeah, I'll do that," Lance said, snatching the box of condoms and popping it open. He couldn't tell if any were missing, but it looked like it'd been opened before—no surprise, Keith was hot. And good at sex. Probably. Lance, again, didn't have a comparison.

Keith leaned back on his elbows, dangerously close to slipping off the foot of his bed, eyebrows raised at Lance like he was waiting. His legs were spread, and Lance wondered if Keith would be up for a round two, and if that round two could involve Lance topping him.

Lance looked between the condom in his hand and Keith's dick and Keith's face. "I don't know how to put this on," he said, admitting his high school health class's failure to educate him.

"I got it," Keith said, taking it from him with a little chuckle. He ripped it open with his teeth and then spat the corner he'd torn off somewhere. As Lance watched him put it on, he rested a hand on Keith's thigh, and it made Keith's hands fumble a little, so Lance slid his hands up further, until he was knocking Keith's hands out of the way to stroke him through the latex. Keith made a noise in the back of his throat and pushed into Lance's touch, like he was fucking Lance's hand, but Lance could think of some better places for him to put those particular motions to work.

"So... how do I...?"

"Just straddle me," Keith said, "I'll get it in you, okay? Wait—hand me the lube. Okay, thanks." Keith reached for Lance's hand and turned his wrist until it was palm-up, and he squeezed a puddle of lube into Lance's palm and then watched him expectantly.

Lance may not have known what he was doing in general, now especially, but he could take a hint. He stroked Keith's cock again, base to tip, even though Lance doubted he'd fit the whole thing inside. It was longer than Keith's fingers, that was for sure.

He wanted to keep playing with Keith for a minute, because the look on Keith's face and the noises coming from deep in his chest were too good, but Lance also couldn't ignore the ache between his legs, the precise spot he wanted—needed Keith. So Lance shifted forward, until his knees framed Keith's ribs, close enough that when Keith drew his legs up a little, they pressed against Lance's ass, like he was almost sitting in Keith's lap.

"Can I?" Keith asked, and Lance nodded. He couldn't talk because he couldn't stop biting his lip. Keith reached for his hip, his hand warmer than Lance expected it to be, and his other hand went between Lance's legs as he grasped his own cock to slide it into Lance.

It felt like a lot. Different from Keith's fingers in him, different from Lance's fingers in himself, different from anything he'd ever felt. It burned a little, like when you stretched a muscle for too long, but Lance didn't mind that. He just wanted more. Keith held his hips steady, though, didn't let him drop down, and Lance squirmed against his grasp, so much so that Keith's cock almost slipped out of him.

"Slow down," Keith said, "don't sit down all the way yet—don't go too fast, okay?"

"Okay," Lance agreed, and then immediately went too fast.

He yelped and then sucked in a breath, almost choking on it, and Keith's fingers bruised his hips as he grabbed him harder to hold him steady, looking at him with a concern that was almost hidden by a haze of lust, because yeah, that must've felt really good on his end. "Are you okay?" he asked, loosening his grip when he was certain Lance wouldn't keep being an idiot and try to drop himself down the rest of the length of Keith's cock.

"Yeah. Jesus, that kinda hurt," Lance said. Now that he wasn't actively shoving it into himself, the feeling of Keith's cock inside him was kind of

nice. Might've been made a little nicer by all the fireworks lighting up in Lance's brain when he turned over the words he's inside of me in his head a few times.

"We can stop," Keith said, clearly more concerned about Lance's pain than Lance was.

And yeah, they probably could've stopped and just gotten each other off or whatever, and Lance still could consider his virginity a thing of the past—honestly, he was pretty sure that had stopped being a thing when another boy stuffed his fingers in his ass—but he couldn't help but think that if he stayed right here, if he actually listened to Keith and took his time, it could get really good.

"I'm fine," Lance said, rolling his hips a little to show exactly how fine he was, and hey, that actually felt kinda good, so he did it again, and shit, the slide of it was so much better if he went a little slower, really ground into it, almost like they were dancing again.

Keith seemed convinced that Lance was okay. Keith also had his head thrown back against the mattress, his mouth open, and he was moaning with every move Lance made. Lance thought he must've been doing pretty good at the sex stuff. He rocked in Keith's lap, past the point of completely sure his thighs were gonna be killing him tomorrow, his hands on Keith's forearms because Keith hadn't let go of his hips.

The first time Lance moved so Keith's dick knocked him in just the right spot, he might've yelled loud enough to wake up whoever lived next-door. He did it again and again and found himself unable to be any quieter. God, he sounded like a bad porno. Just broken bits of Keith's name and god! and fuck! and more of Keith's name.

A bead of pre-come welled up on the tip of Lance's cock and dripped in a slow line onto Keith's abs underneath him, and one of Keith's hands came off Lance's hip to wrap around his cock, which was both absolutely the best way to do this and absolutely setting him on fire from the inside. "Keith, oh my god... you can't... I'll come."

"Good," Keith said, firming up his grip and tugging Lance off in all of three strokes.

It felt a little weird to come with something inside of him, his muscles tightening around Keith's cock and making him all too aware of the way it split him open, but an orgasm was an orgasm, and this one was still particularly good. He would've screamed if he hadn't plastered a hand over his mouth. Keith's free hand splayed over his lower back, sticking to him with sweat, and was breathing harder and less evenly. Lance kind of wanted to see the look on Keith's face, but he'd closed his eyes.

When he finally peeled them open, Keith was grinning up at him, his first two fingers tracing through the puddle of Lance's come on his stomach.

"That was..." Lance began, letting Keith help him up and off, "that was... something. Oh! Did you, uh?"

"Yeah," Keith said, and Lance didn't know how his voice was even rougher.

"Inside me?"

"I mean, I had a condom on," Keith said. Had, in the past tense, because he'd taken it off and tossed it in the trash can wedged between the overflowing laundry basket and Keith's bed.

"Still," Lance said, flopping onto his side next to Keith, tucking in against him, hands winding around Keith's bicep.

"Hold on, lemme clean this up," Keith said, reaching for the box of tissues that was tellingly close to his bed. "Should've known you'd be a cuddler."

Well, yeah. Lance could've told him that even with no practical experience to back it up. When Keith settled back against him, they were both still a little sticky with cooling sweat, but Lance didn't mind, just threw an arm around Keith and tried to even out his breathing. They lay there for a long moment, both mostly quiet, and Keith ran his fingers through Lance's hair, making it stick up in unattractive chunks.

"We're backwards," Keith said, breaking the silence, and only then did Lance realize that yep, they were laying with their heads at the foot of the bed, Keith's pillows under his feet.

"Oh. I guess so," Lance said, sitting up when Keith shifted to rearrange himself. He figured this was the walk of shame section of the evening, or the part where he put his clothes back on and called himself an Uber to Veronica's residence hall. He stood, looking around for his boxers, and Keith watched him, opened his mouth like he was gonna say something, and then closed it again.

When Keith finally got out what he was gonna say, it was, "do you wanna go... I mean, do you want me to drive you home?"

Lance just stared at him, still completely naked, because he couldn't figure out where his underwear went. "Oh... I didn't expect you to, well, to offer. I'll go with whatever you want, I guess."

"I mean, I want you to stay, but. I get it if you'd rather go home."

"You want me to...? Really?"

"Why do you look so surprised?"

"I mean. I didn't think that was how hookups went," Lance said, but he took a step closer to Keith's bed, because honestly, going right to sleep in a warm bed with somebody to cuddle him felt pretty tempting. And it seemed like a better idea than trudging back to Veronica's dorm to sleep on the floor.

"I mean, I guess if you're an asshole that's how they go," Keith said, standing and opening a dresser drawer, rifling through it for a moment. Lance took that time to check out Keith's ass. "Or, I guess, if you don't like each other that much."

"Aww, are you trying to tell me you like me?"

"Do you want to borrow some sweats?" Keith asked, ignoring his question in the kind of way that made Lance sure the answer was yes.

But sweatpants sounded good, so he accepted the pair Keith handed to him, black and baggy enough on him that they rested low enough on his hips to be in danger of falling off. He didn't miss the way Keith looked at his waist and probably imagined them falling off.

Lance hopped into Keith's bed first, burrowing under the blanket because even though it was hot with the beginnings of summer, Keith had the AC blasting, and it was much chillier now that Lance wasn't super turned-on and being pressed against another boy. Keith climbed in a little more gingerly, settling in next to Lance once he was certain he wasn't going to lie on any of Lance's limbs by accident.

Keith's bed was small enough that they were nearly lying on top of each other, legs tangled up, their hands resting in the few inches of space between their chests, occasionally touching just because of proximity. Keith was staring at him, watching him, with a strange look on his face, like he was trying to catalogue something in Lance's expression. Lance thought he probably just looked confused.

"What are you thinking?" he asked.

Keith said, "are you okay?" at nearly the same time, an answer to Lance's question before he'd even gotten it all the way out.

"Yeah," Lance said, with a smile, "I'm really good."

Keith's breath rushed out of him in a relieved sigh, and Lance could feel the warmth on his chin. "That's good. I didn't want to... well, I'm still kind of. Worried? Afraid that I'll hurt you, maybe?" It was the kind of honesty that only came with either a flood of endorphins or a lot of booze, and Keith wasn't drunk, so Lance had to assume it was the post-orgasmic high that was doing it to him.

"You won't," Lance said, "I mean, you aren't."

Keith didn't say anything for a long while, and then he took one of Lance's hands in his. "Can I take you out?" he asked, and weirdly, it made him blush more than the sex had. "Like, on a real date. It's okay if you don't... I mean, I know you were just going into this for a hookup, so like, I'm not expecting you to say yes or—"

"Yeah," Lance said, once he'd dragged himself out of his stunned silence. "Yeah, yes, I wanna do that, I just, I mean, I didn't think you'd ask." Because seriously, what the hell, this wasn't a thing. Attractive guys didn't just want to go on dates with him, especially not ones in college who could probably date someone way cooler than Lance and wow, it was hard to wrap his mind around this being real. This part, out of all of it.

"Cool," Keith said, letting go of his hand, "remind me to give you my number in the morning."

"Yeah," Lance said again, "cool." Keith settled against him but Lance stared at the ceiling for a long time. This was crazy. This kinda thing didn't happen to him.

"Shit!" he yelped, getting up and dislodging a grumpy Keith in the process, "I've gotta text my sister."

"Tell her I said hi," Keith said, bonelessly leaning against Lance's side as he reached around for his phone. He found it, lying on the floor where, if he hadn't picked it up, he probably would've stepped on it the next morning, and unlocked it, hissing as the bright screen burned his eyes.

He sent Veronica one message before passing the hell out and deciding to deal with her response in the morning.

Not coming home tonight ;) Keith says hi.

Author's Note:

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